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THE DOG OF MELAI.

UNDER the Greeks of the middle age, the art of sculpture, after the famous destruction of their staties, never more ventured powerfully to raise its head. Paintings were the sole ornaments of their temples and palaces ; and a hundred pictures were more easily found, than a single statue. The descendants of Phidias and Scopas as much forgot the arts of their forefathers, as the valour of Miltiades and Themistocles was forgotten by them.

During a few years only, under the Emperor Constantine X. this art appeared to be flattered with a more favourable destiny. He had seen Italy before his ascent to the throne, had preserved his liking to the remains of Roman grandeur he had seen there, and encouraged his subjects to imitate their example.—He succeeded ! No sooner did the artists perceive that from him might be acquired what artists, particularly natives, so seldom meet with—support and reward—than they immediately collected round him in numbers, embellished his residence, and bowed at his nod.

One of the most fortunate of these workmen in metal and marble, was Mélonion. The fame of his art, and the pureness of his heart were equally great ; and he felt not less by the view of a fine form, than by listening to an interesting and affecting tale.

Once, about the going down of the sun, as he was preparing to leave off his employment, a man bent double with age, entered his work-shop, and begged leave to look at his statues. His white hair, a certain sublimity in his eyes, the fire of which age might have diminished, but could not extinguish, his dress simple, rather indifferent than good, but cleanly and decent, the animated look with which he surveyed the master-pieces he beheld, the few observations he made on them, but those few so pointed—all this induced the artist to pay more attention to his visit than he usually did to the daily interrupters of his work. The stranger had now viewed all the pieces, and through a particular chance, it so happened, they were all dedicated to famous warriors. The war with the Arabs, which was alone interrupted by an armistice, never end-

ed by a peace—occupied in particular the contemporaries of Melonion; and the grateful Constantine had destined for many of his generals, monuments of immortality.

This singular coincidence did not escape the old man, who having at last finished his examinations, turned himself to Melonion. "All your excellent works (said he) are, as I perceive, dedicated to heroes. To them alone, perhaps, you have devoted your art?"

"To them, even the least. I love mankind too well to be fond of their destroyers; that you find my workshop so full of their monuments, is merely accidental, and to confess honestly, an accident that occasions me more pain than pleasure. As artists, are we not often obliged to follow the commands of our employers, than the impulse of our own inclinations? Often, whilst occupied on the exploits and characters of these warriors, my chissel is apt to drop from my hand. You will, I hope, believe me, when I tell you, that the bloody marks in this marble not undesignedly, refer often to their swords."

"Two-fold fame for that artist, who with a head and a hand, possesses also a soul! for a deserving being, under whatever form fate had decreed him to appear, you would then willingly employ your chissel?"

"Most certainly, as soon as he is really proved deserving!"

"O that he was! that he was. Neither you nor I will ever have it in our power to be so in a higher degree."

In the eyes of the old man, as he uttered this, tears glistened, and his voice changed from the deliberateness of age, to the eagerness of youth.—He proceeded:

"But the price, artist, which you fix on a monument from your hands?"

"Two thousand golden bezants."

"Much, very much! yet not more than he is worth."

"And who is this being (asked Melonion, somewhat surprised) of whom you have twice spoken?"

"One more answer, before I discover that. Would you, since you do not confine yourself to heroes, deem a being of a different species, deserving your chissel, if his conduct were otherwise justly deserving of admiration and praise?"

The embarrassment of the statuary increased at every word of the stranger.

"A being of a different species? What is it you mean?"

"You will be still more astonished when I name him to you."

"So, name him then."

"My dog."

The old man spoke truth—Melonion at the two words appeared thunderstruck—looked doubtfully, now full into the eye of the stranger—now on his miserable dress—now on the ground. This degrading commission alone soon filled him with the idea, that either the stranger was frantic, or, by some one sent, through envy, to deride him. Yet his former sensible conversation contradicted the first suspicion, whilst the noble generous warmth of his tone and look considerably weakened the second—it was, however, a minute at least, before Melonion recovered himself; he then with calmness replied : "you are right, venerable old man ! Your proposal really surprises me—it is the first of the kind that has ever been made to me—is it in jest, or in earnest?"

"Really in earnest."

"Have you sufficiently reflected on it?"

"Perfectly."

"And also the expence of the two thousand bezantins?"

"On that also."

"And of the security you must give me, that this work, supposing I undertook it, is not undertaken in vain?"

"For that, his stone shall be

your security." He drew, as he said this, a ring from off his finger, the form of which, even without the preceding conversation, would alone have excited the surprise of Melonion. It could not, in reality, be called any longer a ring, it was only the casket of what once had been one, with some remains of its former splendour. The magnitude of its empty sockets, shewed the worth it had formerly possessed, and the two stones that remained, was a still more certain proof. The artist, who was well acquainted with the worth of jewels, valued one at about four thousand ducats of the present coin, and the other at half of that sum.

No longer could he repress his curiosity and wonder.—"Old man, he exclaimed, as he sprang up, and carefully shutting the already half-closed door ; "Old man ! I conjure you to tell me who you are, and what you require of me ?"

"What I require, you already know ; but to discover who I am, requires consideration—at least I must exact from you an oath of the utmost secrecy."

"Which I will make. It is true, an oath I have been used to reserve for things alone of the utmost importance, and indeed without one, my unimpeached character might render you sufficiently easy."

"Not your character, but the tone of your appeal. It is the tone

of an unspotted conscience, and that for me is enough. Have you a room less frequented by those who may wish to speak with, or disturb you—conduct me to it, and your curiosity shall be gratified." Melonion complied with his desire—they sat down, and the stranger thus began :—

" My father was king over the greatest part of Indostan.—I, Melai, his eldest son, and the peaceful inheritor of his throne." Astonished and filled with awe, the artist attempted to rise ; but the old man grasped his hand, and prevented him with a friendly smile. " Forbear, (said he) it is the lot of monarchs to be flattered in good fortune, censured after death—in misery, despised by thousands, and only now and then, from one elevated soul, to meet with sympathy. Be you this last, and I am more than contented. My father (continued he, after a few moments' pause) was a warlike prince, before whom his neighbours trembled, and his subjects were afraid. I was his opposite ; for from my youth the chief desires of my heart were peace, and the love of my people. He had grown grey in battle, and regarded his armour as the decorations of a bridegroom. I unwillingly put it on, and never without the most fervent prayer, that I might soon be permitted to lay it off for ever.

" In my forty-eighth year, I yet retained all the fullness of health,

all the powers of a youth at twenty—and at these years I saw a girl prostrate herself at the foot of my throne—A girl, such as I had never yet beheld ! A milder eye, a finer form, a more lovely bosom, no artist had ever painted, hardly imagined ; and when she began to speak, the tones alone of her voice were powerful, even for those who understood not her language. Before her petition was known, it was granted ; and her suit might as well have been unjust, as it proved just, without danger of being lost. Her complaint was against a covetous uncle, who would have sold her to a deformed enervated man, alike cripple in soul and body, as a sacrifice to his lust, or rather an incitement to his desires ; and you may easily conceive how my judgment decided.

" But not so easy can you imagine how I felt as she prepared to retire from before my throne. The feelings of a youth of sixteen, who is in danger of being bereaved of his first love, are trifling, compared to it. Had not my rank forbid, I had gladly hastened after her, embraced that fine neck before all my subjects, and kissed those lips of coral.

I called her back once more. As she turned round, it was as the breaking forth of the sun on a lowering day ; the clouds disperse, and the bright region around seems to have been new created. I have declared you free, beauti-

ful Gulmanac, cried I ; and as a proof of your freedom, it now rests with you to give even your sovereign, before his people, a favorable answer, or a denial. Would you accept of a place among my women ? She blushed."

" My sovereign has to command !"

" But how then, if he will not command ?"

" It then will be the greatest happiness of his slave to anticipate his smallest wishes."

" From that moment she was the sole arbitress of my heart. I dismissed my whole harem ; and Gulmanac from that hour reigned over me, through love, as unlimited as I, by birth-right, over my dominions.

[*To be continued.*]

SOME young persons are not sufficiently aware of the great advantages of artlessness, and how useful it is to encourage every thing that can promote it.—They weaken this gift of heaven, so rare and so unstable, by affected manners, and bad imitations. Their sound of voice, and style of motion, are borrowed ; they make themselves up, practice often little arts, and consult their mirrors to know if they are enough unlike what nature made them. It is not therefore without much trouble that they become less pleasing.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE CESTUS ;
OR,
GIRDLE OF VENUS.

(Concluded.)

A CONNUBIAL STORY.

*Nec minor est virtus, quam querere,
parta tueri ;
Casus in est illic, hoc erit artis opus.*

OVID.

" The glory's more to keep than win
the prize,
Chance may do one, in t'other mer-
lies."

SIR Edward G. the son of an English Baronet, at the age of eighteen, succeeded to the title and fortune of his father : he thus entered into the fashionable world with every advantage. His estate was a clear three thousand pounds a year, his constitution excellent, and his person handsome. A liberal education had afforded him a large share of knowledge, and his strong understanding had made it all his own. His principles, well turned by nature, had been formed by the strictest rules of honour and virtue. Add to all these, the attractions of the sweetest temper, great vivacity, and a fine address, and you have a sketch of Sir Edward's picture.

Nothing could bid fairer for happiness than such an outset. Great were the expectations of his friends. But I, who knew him

best, could perceive, through all his excellences a weak part, which made me fear for him. Joined to a general social affection, and an uncommon tenderness of heart, he possessed a sensibility of female charms which carried him almost to enthusiasm. It was easy to foresee the rock on which this habit of mind, aided by the vigour of a genial constitution, would inevitably hurry a young man of his rank and fortune ; and I clearly saw that, with a firmness that no violence could shake, a judgment not to be deceived, and morals which the world's riches could not vitiate, my friend was doomed to be the dupe, the absolute slave of female dominion.

I met him in London, after his return from the tour of Europe. He came back, enriched with every valuable acquirement, and his solid understanding polished into genuine elegance. But the pleasure of our interview was not a little abated, on my finding that he had brought over with him a lady with whom he had formed a connexion in Paris, and from whom I saw but little prospect of his ever being released. Mademoiselle Duval had every gift of nature and art that was necessary for such a conquest. Besides a considerable share of well-improved good sense, she had great sweetness of temper, and an unaffected desire to please. To a very beautiful person was added a perfect skill in all the arts of decoration. She had a tender-

ness of aspect and manner, very difficult to be resisted, and a modest elegance of address, which flattered his delicacy, and threw a veil over the very nature of vice.

In her fetters I found him, nor could any influence of mine, nor indeed any human means, but her own mercenary mind have ever set him free. Some time after my return to the country, I learned that her repeated infidelities had at last broken his chain. I thought this a good time to remonstrate, but before my letter reached him, his unruly leading passion had resumed its way, and thrown him into the bondage of a celebrated Italian Opera singer, more notorious for her address than for her charms, but whose great proficiency in artifice promised to be more dangerous than even the beauty of La Duval.

But I must introduce my heroine to you. Eliza's family and fortune were good. Her person extremely fine, and her face, though far from regular, the most attractive I ever saw. Besides, the most even and whitest teeth, and pouting lips, "like the ruby rose-bud moist with morning dew," about which ten thousand graces revelled, she had a pair of the most charming blue eyes, full of the bewitching softness peculiar to that colour. Her spirits were excellent ; her temper sweet ; and, added to every polite accomplishment, she possessed a good

understanding, and an affectionate heart. Such a young woman could not fail of having admirers. She had indeed, before the age of twenty, declined several offers, which, in the language of the world, were extraordinarily advantageous.

She came with her family to pass a few of the winter months in town, where it was my fortune frequently to escort her to the theatre. One night, to my great surprise, Sir Edward entered the box, just arrived from his country-seat. We met with mutual pleasure ; but I soon perceived his attention stealing from me to another object. Eliza struck him ; and I fancied I could see in her eyes she was equally smitten. The next morning disclosed his intentions. I opposed them strongly, and pictured him to himself with friendly severity ; but he pleaded so well, and so forcibly urged that both his reformation and his happiness depended on Eliza, that I was obliged to submit. I carried his message, and at the same time honestly exhibited his character. The mother hesitated ; Eliza was referred to for a decisive answer. With the most modest candour she declared that she saw some strong marks of constancy in the portrait on which she would venture to rely, and was willing to run the risk. They were married soon after, and went to reside at his seat.

A perverse turn in my own affairs, caused me, about this time,

to go abroad. The pain of a ten year's absence was however a good deal lessened by the regular accounts I received of my amiable friends being completely happy. As soon as I returned to London, hearing they were in the country, I set out thither immediately.

I got there the second day about three, and was shown into a parlour, where I found my fair friend at work, her eldest girl reading to her, and two sweet little boys playing on the carpet. Our first salutes were scarcely over, when Sir Edward flew into the room, and hung upon my neck. Words were not necessary to tell me their mutual happiness. I have seldom felt more joy. Dinner was served, and, the first hurry of spirits subsiding, my attention was attracted by Eliza. Ladies may laugh, and perhaps not believe me, when I say, that though the day was extremely wet, and no prospect of any company, she came down very elegantly dressed. The whole had an unstudied air, yet I could see that the minutest article was carefully adjusted ; I was particularly struck with the beautiful decorations of her head, and, when she drew off her gloves, with a pair of diamond bracelets, which he had lately presented to her. Love had diffused an exquisite tenderness over her features ; and an habitual wish of pleasing, animated by success, had so pointed every charm, that though she had been frequently a mother, she was a

much finer woman than when I last saw her. My spirits were raised ; I shared sincerely in their happiness. The piano-forte succeeded our tea, and I found her improved into a capital performer.

The enraptured husband gazed like a lover ; his enamoured regards ran over her various charms ; her bright eyes beaming sensibility ; her lips breathing sweets, and emitting the most melodious tones, her snow-white tapering fingers rapidly flying over the keys of the instrument, through all the complicated mazes of the most brilliant execution, and her tempting bosom swelling with expression. I am sixty-five, yet I found it convenient to turn my attention for a while towards some historical pictures which were near me. Indeed my worthy friends seemed to have been married but ten days, instead of so many years. I withdrew before supper.

A month's stay in this delightful retreat gave me hourly occasion to admire her. Joined to a steady uniformity of purpose, she contrived to throw such an amazing variety in her dress, her manner, the disposal of her hours, and all her little schemes of amusement, that inconstancy itself would have doated on her. By always turning the bright side of domestic life to her husband, she avoided dwelling on the dark one. A cheerful alacrity in her economy, made it perceptible only by the effects ;

and though they lived remarkably well, she had nearly liquidated a debt of six thousand pounds, incurred by his former indiscretions, before he could conceive it possible. Indeed, I wondered not at his being happy. He possessed all that La Duval, or the Italian singer could give, and much more ; he had affection pure and unalloyed ; with a worthy heart besides, which neither of them had to bestow.

The morning I came away, meeting her alone in the garden, I could not avoid paying her some well-deserved compliments on her conduct. "I know, my dear Sir," said she, you were in pain for me, but, with vanity I say it, I found the task full as easy as I had imagined. My husband has too many virtues to be lost. He took a liking to my person, all the rest depended upon myself. I resolved that my appearance should not be impaired by my own fault ; my temper I could trust to ; and I felt a lively affection, which I hoped, would supply the place of better abilities, and dictate as I proceeded, the means of making him happy. To please and be pleased are, in reality, the mutual cause and effect of each other ; so that my labour is a round of pleasure. The business of my toilette, being habitual, is easy, nay, agreeable. I regard my glass as a friend who daily gives me new hints for pleasing the man I love. To you, Sir, I will own, that I love him, in the full extent of the word, with the

ardour which he deserves; with the ardour which he requires. Had he met with only the cold return of esteem, Sir Edward would have been far from happy.

"Happiness like mine," continued she, "would be more general, would women observe two maxims. One is, never to attempt an opposition to nature, but gently to lead it right, by flattering the ruling propensity. The other, never to contemn small matters as trifles, for by them only can our purpose be effected. There is no such thing as a trifle. Minuteness form the magazine of female power. Connubial delight is accomplished somewhat like a dotted miniature picture. Each single touch is too fine to produce a visible effect; yet, from their frequency, the portrait soon begins to open to the view, and shows how judiciously and happily the pencil was applied."

From the Dublin Evening Post.

Melancholy, indeed, is the tragic scene we are about to relate, particularly as it has involved (in a neighbouring country) more than three families in the deepest affliction: in justice to the feelings of the parties we shall not mention names.

A gentleman, the youngest son of a beneficed clergyman of high respectability, paid his addresses to a young lady of genteel family and

considerable fortune, residing in the same neighbourhood. Her uncle (under whose guardianship she was unhappily placed) had determined to marry her to what he called *up to rank*, and chose rather to see her splendidly miserable, than made happy with a genteel competency. The lady's suitor was a physician, who, some time back took the usual degree with the most promising hopes of success in his profession—his education, polite and classical, added to an amiable disposition and the most accomplished manners, could not fail of making an impression on the young lady—his conduct towards her testified his high regard, and in a short time he was beloved with equal ardour; insurmountable were the obstacles raised by the uncle, in order to prevent their union—he remonstrated on the impropriety of placing her affections on a person not possessed of one shilling, and who could have no expectations, either now or hereafter, of any paternal fortune: as to the profession it was one of the very worst, for he might not be called upon a Guinea Voyage (as he termed it) for years to come—and in hopes of alienating her regards for her lover, introduced into the family a major in the army, and at the same time informed her she was to consider him as her future husband. It seems he did not possess any of those nice feelings of honor and sensibility, which should ever be the characteristic of a soldier—he

was told of her predilection for another—which must ever prevent his prevailing upon a heart so completely devoted to Mr. —, who was then in Scotland, and his arrival daily expected. This candid appeal had no effect; as he had the uncle's consent, he considered there was no other obstacle remaining. In vain did this amiable young lady, bathed in tears, endeavour to dissuade her uncle from his cruel purpose. In fine, the wedding day was appointed, the clergyman arrived, and with silent suffering composure, she allowed the fatal ceremony to be performed. The uncle, however, was soon convinced of his inhumanity—she had taken in presence of her own maid a cup of tea mixed, as it appeared, afterwards, with a considerable quantity of arsenic. She said it was the most delicious draught she had ever taken. Towards the close of the evening, she got much indisposed, and in a few hours after, breathed her last. On her dressing table was found the following letter :—

" 'Tis over, and by the time you receive this, I shall be no more; yet the only hour that I can call my own, I give to you, the only one that the hand of death has not a right to interrupt. Should I live, I tremble to think what a husband's rage might have inflicted, when he should find (instead of the happiness expected,) a cold and indifferent heart. Surely it was impossible for two masters to share

my affection—had I survived, you would feel that you had robbed me of what not all my fortune could purchase, or the world have power to bestow. Ever since I was taught to form a wish, it was that of being a tender wife, and happy mother. From the time I could associate an idea, I looked upon matrimony as the source from which we were to derive finished happiness, or accumulated misery. Under this idea, alas! what delusive visions of felicity did not the accomplished mind, and literary taste of Mr. —, once give me leave to form, such as no turn of fortune can again recall. But what am I saying, and to whom? to him who has robbed me of my peace, and of my life. Can he now dry up those tears which he himself has caused to flow, or can he heal those wounds which he has so deeply inflicted? But the worst is past, all the passions that have distracted me since I received your unfeeling mandate, to forget and be faithless to him on whom my heart doated, are hushed, and what little spirit remains, will soon give way to the Supreme Director of all!"

She was in her twentieth year! To the beauty of her form, and the excellence of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive, (who died two years ago) had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her manners, and cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used, and they had

been attended with success. Few young ladies attracted more admiration ; none ever felt it less. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtue, when every hope was ripening to reward them. It is needless to tell how severely the old gentleman now accuses his own weak conduct ; nor can he ever forgive himself the wanton sacrifice of youth, innocence, and virtue, to miserable self, and fashionable folly. This presents but a small view of the affliction of the families concerned. It may teach parents, whom Heaven has blessed with children, rather to make them happy than great, not to violate those feelings which they have only a right to guide.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

BEING myself a candidate for matrimony, permit me through your interesting little paper, to address a few words to the writer of "Cheviot."*

Do not, Sir, I beseech you, "fly from social life, and seek despair and wretchedness." Do not let the folly of "Eliza" deter you from seeking happiness in the arms of a faithful partner—return to the arms of one who stands ready to forgive your past conduct, to unite heart with yours, to partake

of your sorrows, and to share your pleasures. Hope, that deeply rooted plant instilled into the heart of mankind, *has*, and *still* flourishes in mine. Do not then blast my fond hopes, but return to your former love—to one who possesses not the art of coquetting that "Eliza" does—While hope exists, even anticipation is dazzling—let me not hope in vain!—Arouse from your lethargy, and be once more the *lover*.

Believe me, "Cheviot," sincerely your friend, and assure yourself that I feel a *desire* to be more.

MARIA.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

CARD PLAYING.

"Cards are superfluous with all the tricks
That Idleness has ever yet contriv'd
To fill the void of an unfurnish'd brain,
To palliate dullness, and give time a
show."

COWPER.

A GENTLEMAN in public company, inveighing against the prevailing custom of *card-playing*, was requested to give his reasons ; which he did in words to this effect : "I have observed that it wastes much *time*, which I esteem the most valuable treasure that the Almighty has bestowed on us ; secondly, it excludes conversation, one of the highest of all social pleasures ; and lastly, it too fre-

* Although the writer of "Cheviot" has assumed a fictitious name, yet his style betrays him to Maria.

quently excites *envy, refining, and ill-humour.* To be more particular—In young persons, the habit of *playing at cards* absorbs many of those hours which should be spent in improving the mind; and which thus foolishly lost, can never afterwards be recovered. Through the consequent deficiency in education, many are rendered unfit for proper employments, and necessarily fall into pursuits, unworthy of the situations they might have filled, becoming insignificant in themselves, and useless to society. With respect to the old, this humour of *card-playing*, is a most wretched example, and contribute greatly to ruin the rising generation. It removes that *reverence* which ought to wait upon years; it increases *avarice*, the too natural vice of age; and finally corrupts the *heart* at a season when it should be employed in far more serious pursuits. In a word, *card-playing* is one great cause of that incapacity so justly deplored in our youths of both sexes; and of that profligacy which disgraces those advanced in years.”

PHILETUS SOMBRE.

his laziness, than his wit, and asked him, if he could shoe his horse with a *candle*. “No, Sir,” replied the son of Vulcan, “but I can with a hammer.” This answer so pleased the Dean, that he resolved to converse still further with him, and accordingly alighted. He went into his dwelling, which was a wretched hovel, and from its rottenness would have fallen to pieces, had it not been for a few props of timber, which from necessity the blacksmith had fixed to prevent it. Swift lectured him for his indolence, and for keeping his house in so bad a condition. “Stop Sir, (said the wit) “before you go any further, say, did you ever see a *rotten house better supported in your life time?*”

A lady going into Drury-Lane theatre, one evening that Garrick played, was so roughly jostled by the crowd, that her ruffles were torn off. She entered her box in a perfect fury, which was not a little increased by Mr. W. complimenting her, that notwithstanding the rude usage she had met with, she was *unruffled*.

Anecdote.

DEAN Swift travelling on horseback late in the evening, observed one of the shoes of his horse had come off, and unwilling to hurt the animal by driving him home in that situation, he stopped at a blacksmith's, not more famed for

A lady whose husband was very studious, and attended much more to books than to her, one day declared to him that, she wished she was herself a book. “I wish you were, (replied the husband) and an almanac too, I could then get a new one every year.”

THE celebrated historian, De Thou, had a very singular adventure at Saumer, in the year 1598. One night, having retired to rest, very much fatigued, while he was enjoying a sound sleep, he felt a very extraordinary weight upon his feet, which, having made him turn suddenly, fell down and awaked him. At first he imagined that it had been only a dream; but hearing soon after a noise in his chamber, he drew aside the curtains, and saw, by the help of the moon, which at that time shone very bright, a large white figure, walking up and down, and at the same time observed upon a chair some rags, which he thought belonged to thieves who had come to rob him. The figure then approaching his bed, he had the courage to ask it what it was. "I am (said it) the queen of heaven!" But De Thou had too much understanding to be imposed upon. Upon hearing the words which dropped from the figure, he immediately concluded that it was some mad woman, got up, called his servants, and ordered them to turn her out of doors; after which he retired to bed, and fell asleep. Next morning he found that he had not been deceived in his conjecture, and that having forgot to shut his door, this female figure had escaped from her keepers, and entered his apartment. The brave Schomberg, to whom De Thou related this adventure some days after, confessed that in such a case he would not have shown so much

courage. The king also, who was informed of it by Schomberg, made the same acknowledgement.

SUPERSTITION.

GASSENDI the philosopher, found a number of people going to put a man to death, for having intercourse with the devil; a crime which the poor wretch readily acknowledged. Gassendi begged of the people that they would permit him first to examine the wizzard before putting him to death. They did so; and Gassendi, upon examination, found that the man firmly believed himself guilty of this impossible crime. He even offered to Gassendi to introduce him to the devil. The philosopher agreed; and when midnight came, the man gave him a pill, (opium) which he said was necessary to swallow before setting off. Gassendi took the pill, but gave it to his dog. The man having swallowed his, fell into a profound sleep; during which he seemed much agitated by dreams. The dog was affected in a similar manner. When the man awoke he congratulated Gassendi on the favourable reception he met with from his sable highness. It was with difficulty Gassendi convinced him that the whole was a dream, the effect of soporific medicines, and that he had never stirred from one spot during the whole night.

Drunkenness also has the power

of creating spectres. A man returning home intoxicated, affirmed that he had met with the devil; and that after a severe encounter, he had vanquished him, and bro't him to the ground, to which he had nailed him fast, by driving his staff through his body. Next morning the staff was found stuck with great violence into a heap of turf!

Misapplication of Words.

A person giving an account of an entertainment to which he had been invited, said, that the dinner was *desperate* well cooked, the wine was *terrible* good, Mr. —— was *dreadful* polite, and his daughters were *cruel* pretty and *abominable* fine.

ERRATA—In the beautiful and impressive lines of *Julia Francesca*, which appeared in our last number, the following typographical error escaped notice—
3d verse, 3d line, for “Domestic care” read “Domestic ease.”

Several favors are received and will be attended to as soon as possible.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. Simon Van Arsdale Brower, to Miss Helen Johnson, all of this city.

On Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, James A. Melvin, to Miss Sarah Burras, both of this city.

On Saturday evening last, at Sandy-Hook, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Lieutenant James Renshaw, of the United States navy, to Miss Maria Schenck, daughter of Mr. William P. Schenck, of that place.

On Monday last, by the rev. Dr. Abeel, John Montgomery, Esq. representative in Congress, from the

state of Maryland, to Miss Maria Nicholson, of this city.

At Washington, on Tuesday evening, 28th ult. by the rev. Mr. Addison, John F. Cox, Esq. of this city, to Miss Eliza R. Lansdale, daughter of the late Major Thomas L. Lansdale, of Prince Georges.

On the 30th ult. by the rev. Dr. Livingston, Mr. Richard D. Brower, merchant, to Miss Eliza Archer, all of this city.

Lately, in Connecticut, Mr. Samuel Saunders, a widower, aged 97, to Miss Susannah Bolland, aged 85 years. The parties have never seen each other, and probably never will!

At Philadelphia, on the 23d ult. by the rev. Dr. Blackwell, Mr. James L. Dunn, merchant, to Miss Sarah Stokes, daughter of Mr. James Stokes.

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Abeel, Mr. Francis Dubuar to Miss Mary Wandell, all of this city

On same evening, Mr. Richard Terheun, merchant, to Miss Eliza Kinnan.

DIED,

On the 30th ult. in the 36th year of her age, Mrs. Ann Mitchell, wife of Walter Mitchell, merchant.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Jonathan Spader, of this city, aged 37 years.

On Saturday last, at Jamaica, L. I. Abeambar Rhoads, Esq. aged 67 years, after a short illness of one week.

Our city inspector reports the death of 38 persons, during the week, ending on Saturday last.



For the Ladys Miscellany.

APRIL-FOOL-DAY.

A Poem.

BY CHEVIOT.

In Continuation.

I'VE heard too of a Quaker, stiffly great,
Who us'd to ride in true Quixotic state,
Passing a bridge, a horse shoe there
he spies,
Believing there was certain luck con-
ceal'd
In horse-shoe-iron not to be reveal'd
To us weak mortals, else we'd grow
too wise.

He did not wait, his promis'd gold to count,
But fix'd his foot, and hasten'd to dis-
mount ;
To his astonishment, he found the
shoe
Was stuck so fast, he could not pick it
up.
He said, before he ventured home to sup,
He'd see if there 'twas nail'd, or there
it grew.

John, who for sport had nail'd it down,
Dislik'd the Quaker—so did all the
town—
And hearing his soliloquy, declar'd

He'd saw the planks, and leave them so,
That quaker, axe, or something, should
fall thro',
And if he should return, he'd be pre-
par'd.

Immortal Sterne has often said in truth,
That man delighteth not to have, for
sooth,
His feelings made the sport of cruel
jest,
And when he said a man, I find
He had a quaker in his mind,
For what he wrote, does suit the qua-
kers best.

The drab coat soon return'd, and found
the shoe
Just as he left it 'bout an hour ago ;
He strikes a blow, then down the qua-
ker falls,
Up to his middle in the pool ;
John cries, secreted, "April-fool,"
To all his prayers, to his repeated
calls.

A rogue in town, who lov'd *tromper*,
Burnt with desire, t' immortalize the
day,
Intent upon a trick, to cut a caper,
He takes the *Post*, of some weeks old,
And puts it in orig'nal fold,
And at the pump he wets the paper.

Then threw it in the house where Quid-
nunc lives,
Welcome to all the news the paper gives.
With eager haste he dries the *Post*,
Promising fresh news, so fresh from
press ;
O marvellous ! he learns no less,
Than that the Spaniards all are lost !

There having been a vague report in
town,
That Buonaparte had cut the Spaniards
down,
Quidnunc, mourning for their tragic
fate,
Is led down town to all the coffee-houses,

To talk of the *fresh news*, as he suppos-es,
 But none the story would corroborate.
 " You have not seen the Post then, of
 to-night ?"
 " Assuredly, but read of no such fight." His friends suppos'd he wish'd the
 tale to spread,
 For speculation, or for joke,
 Did not believe a word he spoke,
 And for decision, to his house they
 sped.
 Said paper was produc'd, of some weeks
 old,
 Which in plain terms, the fatal story
 told,
 'Till some more curious, looking for
 the date,
 Discover'd—What ?—distinctly they
 could trace,
 " Oh, *April fool !*" there written in its
 place—
 The boasting Quidnunc, blushing hid
 his pate.

 The sooty sweeps, remark with how
 much care,
 The great avoid the *blacken'd* garb they
 wear,
 Sooty determin'd, should he chance
 A parson, or a judge to meet,
 He'd stop said judge, or parson, in the
 street,
 A pretty rigadoon to dance.
 The one he knew, by *gravity* and *frown*,
 The other, by his *gravity* and *gown*.
 It often happens, " some how or
 other,"
 When we determine to behave
 Most prudent, most sedate, and *look*
 most grave,
 Something occurs our gravity to bo-th'er.
 Sooty, in hopes to celebrate the day,
 Watches a parson, coming down Broad-way ;
 Determin'd not to let him pass in
 haste,

He dodges in his path oblique,
 Nor gave the parson time to speak,
 Commenc'd a *jig*—but not much to
 his taste.
 For had said parson been inclin'd to
 waltz,
 He would have chose a partner with
 less faults ;
 One who had learnt the figure, and
 who knew
 The different windings—step—polite-
 ness too ;
 And one who *look'd* and *acted* less the
 beast ;
 Sooty, elated, danc'd with pride,
 First jumping this, and then the other
 side ;
Entirely accidental !—one would say,
 The parson was the most dispos'd to
 hop,
 For he nor sooty seem'd inclin'd to stop,
 Both jumping this, and then the othes-
 way.
 At length they beg a truce, and both
 consent
 To take the right—and so indeed they
 meant,
 But sooty, whether he mistook the
 treaty,
 Or meant to violate the truce,
 Whether his prototype, the *Deuce*,
 Taught him more roguery than pity,
 I never knew—'tis certain that he ran
 Bolt 'gainst the reverend clergyman,
 —He, sorry he had had hurt the ne-
 gro's head,
 (Or black'd the negroe's *rug*, he might
 have said),
 But his compassion soon began to
 cool,
 When he discern'd 'twas all a farce,
 For *Cyclop*, as he let him pass,
 Saluted, with a yell, " *Oh April fool !*"

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